

Shou'd we rage loud as did the winds and seas
 When she was born, things wou'd be as they are.
 Unfold those doors, and let the care-worn king
 Behold the testimony of our love
 To our fair foster sister, and our grief
 For her untimely fate.

*The SCENE draws, and discovers a Temple with a
 Monument.*

PERICLES *reading.*

“ Here lieth interr'd

“ Marina, daughter to the prince of Tyre.”
 O thou who gav'st me reason and reflection,
 Eternal Jove, rebuke these swelling thoughts,
 That wou'd dispute your goodness or your being:
 Bind them in walls of brass: let me remember
 I hold my powers from thee, that earthly man
 Is but a substance made for your high pleasure:
 Teach me, as fits my nature, to submit
 To your thrice kindled wrath.

ESCANES.

Let those who think
 They cou'd endure his woes, speak comfort to him;
 My soul is faint with terror to behold 'em.

PERICLES.

Fire, water, earth, and air in loud combustion
 Herald my lost Marina to the light;
 But dumb and speechless sorrow shall attend
 Her timeless passage to the realms of death.
 From this curst hour I'll never speak again,
 To mock with words unutterable grief;
 But make my manners savage as my fortunes,
 And be as wretched as the Gods wou'd have me.
 Sable shall be the ship henceforth that bears me;